I am a ſubiect fit to ieſt withall,
But far vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
K Edw. Sweet widdow, by my ſtate I ſweare, *I* ſpeake
No more then what my hart intends,
And that is to enioie thee for my loue.
La. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know *I* am too bad to be your *Queene*,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
K Edw. You cauill widdow, I did meane my *Queene*.
La. Your grace would be loath my ſonnes ſhould call
you father.
K Edw. No more then when my daughters call thee
Mother. Thou art a widow and thou haſt ſome children,
And by Gods mother *I* being but a bacheler
Haue other ſome. Why tis a happy thing
To be the father of manie children.
Argue no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queene.
Glo. The ghoſtlie father now hath done his ſhrift.
Cla. When he was made a ſhriuer twas for ſhift.
K Edw. Brothers, you muſe what talke the widdow
And *I* haue had, you would thinke it ſtrange
If *I* ſhould marrie her.
Cla. Marrie her my Lord, to whom?
K Edw. Why *Clarence* to my ſelfe.
Glo. That would be ten daies wonder at the leaſt.
Cla. Why thats a daie longer then a wonder laſtes.
Glo. And ſo much more are the wonders in extreames.
K Edw. Well, ieaſt on brothers, *I* can tell you, his
Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. And it pleaſe your grace, *Henry* your foe is
Taken,

Taken, and brought as priſoner to your pallace gates.
K Edw. Awaie with him and ſend him to the Tower,
And let vs go queſtion with the man about
His apprehenſion. Lords along, and vſe this
Ladie honorablie. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Manet Gloſter and ſpeakes.

Gloſt. I, *Edward* will vſe women honourablie,
Would he were waſted marrow, bones and all,
That from his loines no iſſue might ſucceed
To hinder me from the golden time *I* looke for,
For *I* am not yet lookt on in the world.
Firſt is there *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Henry*
And his ſonne, and all they lookt for iſſue
Of their loines ere *I* can plant my ſelfe,
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe,
What other pleaſure is there in the world beſide?
I will go clad my bodie in gaie ornaments,
And lull my ſelfe within a ladies lap,
And witch ſweet Ladies with my words and lookes.
Oh monſtrous man, to harbour ſuch a thought!
Why loue did ſcorne me in my mothers wombe.
And for *I* ſhould not deale in hir affaires,
Shee did corrupt fraile nature in the fleſh,
And plaſte an enuious mountaine on my backe,
Where ſits deformity to mocke my bodie,
To drie mine arme vp like a withered ſhrimpe.
To make my legges of an vnequall ſize,
And am *I* then a man to be belou'd?
Eaſier for me to compaſſe twentie crownes.
Tut *I* can ſmile, and murder when *I* ſmile,
I crie content, to that that greeues me moſt.